52 T.S. Wednesday

Dear Eddy

Many thanks for your characteristic letter
I'm sorry you think I didn't "put it at all
well" the other night — Still more sorry that I ever
tried to 'put it' at all. (By the way, I did it
entirely off my own bat — Duncan had nothing
to do with it) As for what you call the
"Cheapness" of my remarks about "behaving
like a gentleman" I never said anything of the kind.

The Hon.
E. Sackville-West
Knole
Sevenoaks
Kent

I urged you to behave like a British nobleman, an intentionally half-humorous remark & no doubt in your eyes a risqué one. To urge either you or Duncan to behave like a gentleman is too silly even for me. NYPL

Anyhow I've had my lesson & wont interfere in your affairs again — that I promise you —

Yours Virginia Woolf

Hamill 9.13.06

NYPL

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

? 1939

14th June.

My dear Edy

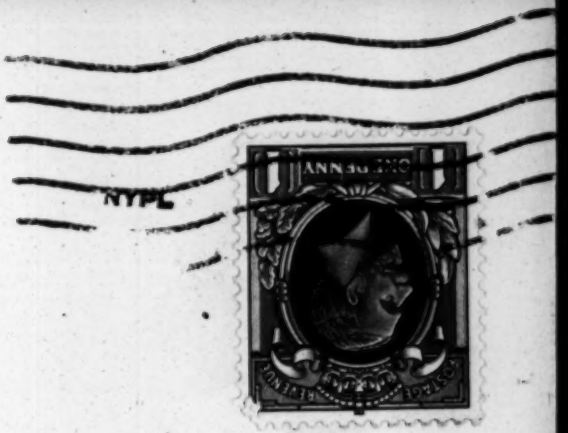
I was much touched to hear from Vita that you wanted to come & see me again. I was very sorry we quarrelled. My only wish was to make things between you & Duncan, but no doubt I was clumsy in the way I did it. And certainly your letter broke off all relations quite unphotographically. But there is no need to go into this — quarrels are very foolish things. At the moment it is rather difficult to suggest a meeting. I'm only allowed by the Dr. to do a

other work on condition I see practically no one. Sometimes we're here – sometimes at Monks House. If you should be down there would you either write or ring up – Lewes 385 – 9 Just want you to make a journey in vain, I find it difficult at present to settle plans beforehand.

But it will be a great pleasure to see you, whenever it is, to begin again a friendship which I supposed stably. May it never cease again!

Yours ever

L. W.



The Hon.
V. Sackville West
Knole
Sevenoaks
Kent

From *Leonard Woolf*, 52, *Tavistock Square*, *w.c.*1. (*Mus.* 2621.)

Thursday

I'm so sorry. I cant manage
Tuesday next week – Would
you come on Thursday 4.30
instead?

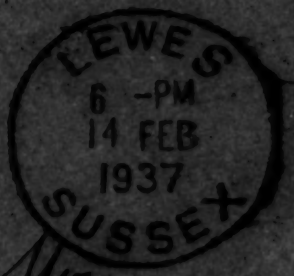
Virginia Woolf

Monk's House,
Rodmell,
near Lewes,
Sussex.

14th Feb.

Dear Eddy

This is disgraceful — I got your letter
I don't know how long ago, & meant to
write, but never did. The last year there
when we got back to London we found the
Press ravaged with influenza: Mrs
Hunt, our manager, died: this led to
other complications — Jane, as usual, ate a
Sordid through psychologically Eating, Kind
(this refers to Lapithism & Jealousy in the
state of mind of friends whose horribly
is suddenly revealed by death) — &
then we had to beat up other managers &
clerks: all quite I found distracting.
Also, I suspect that my letter writing age is



Rec'd Mon.

V. Sackville-West

Knole

Sevenoaks

Kent

past. I detest putting a new nib in my pen, —
in London someone always rings up as comes in.
But mercifully for the first time for a month we
are down here. The Labour party met here last
night, & (if I had the time) would comment your
writing. Youth with a picture of Mr Neil Lyons, the
Dramatist / Mr. Fears, the postman, & Mr. Everett the Char.
discussing not so much the Labour party, as Mrs
Simpson & the Archbishop. London is
indescribable — so many people. So much Chatter.
But I can't help a disposition to dance on the
bubbles, which I declare by shutting we shall
where here for good one of these days. It's a
misty sunny day, & very lovely from this
top room which looks across to Cabourn,
over the marsh. Can't make up my
mind to take seats for Glyndebourne in advance,
because it seems so expensive. In May I shall
rush to the office, find all seats sold.
There is Glyndebourne, just behind the mist —
I'm reading the Countess Wolkoff's diaries, & her
diaries, & both their public diaries — Mein
prevail: I wonder what the diary instinct is — Sina
et Causa Mein both indicate anguish. But
how the Russians always triumph over us, when
they take up the pen!
No room for more. Ha

Bayeux.

Sunday 18th June.

Dear Eddy,

I've just got your letter here – we've been driving about France. I'm afraid I shan't be back till late next week – but it would be delightful to see you again, & I'll write a regular a day.

This pen is in the last stages of decay, so I will stop.

Your ever

Virginia Woolf.